And hurt my brother.
Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuenge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour
I haue a voice and president of peace
To my name vngor'd: but all that time
I doe receiue your offered loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.
Ham. I imbrace it freely, and will this brothers wager frankly play.
Giue vs the Foiles.
Laer. Come, one for me.
Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.
Laer. You mock me sir.
Ham. No by this hand.
King. Giue them the foiles yong *Ostrick*, cosin *Ham.*
You know the wager.
Ham. Very well my Lord.
Your Grace has laid the oddes a'th weaker side.
King. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore oddes.
Laer. This is to heauy: let me see another.
Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.
Ostr. I my good Lord.
King. Set me the stoops of wine vpon the table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their Ordnance fire.
The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Onix shall he throw,
Richer then that which foure succeßiue Kings
In *Denmarkes* Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Canons to the Heauens, the Heauens to Earth,

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Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*, come begin. *Trumpets the while.*
And you the Iudges beare a warie eye.
Ham. Come on sir.
Laer. Come my Lord.
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Iudgement.
Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, Trumpets and*
Laer. Well, againe. *Flourish, a Peece goes*
King. Stay, giue me drink, *Hamlet* this Pearle is thine.
Heere's to thy health, giue him the cup.
Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while
Come, another hit. What say you?
Laer. I doe confest.
King. Our sonne shall winne.
Quee. He's fat and scant of breath.
Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowses to thy fortune *Hamlet.*
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrard*, doe not drinke.
Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poysned cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience,
Ham. Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally,
I pray you passe with your best violence
I am sure you make a wanton of me
Laer. Say you so come on.
Ostr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
King. Part them, they are incenst.
Ham. Nay come againe.
Ostr. Looke to the Queene there hoe.
Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?
Ostr. How ist *Laertes?*
Laer. Why as a Woodcock to mine owne springe. *Ostrick*

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